No. 4. July, 1921.

WALKER'S QUARTERLY

EDMUND MORISON WIMPERIS, R.I.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTER

[*Born* 1835 *Died* 1900]

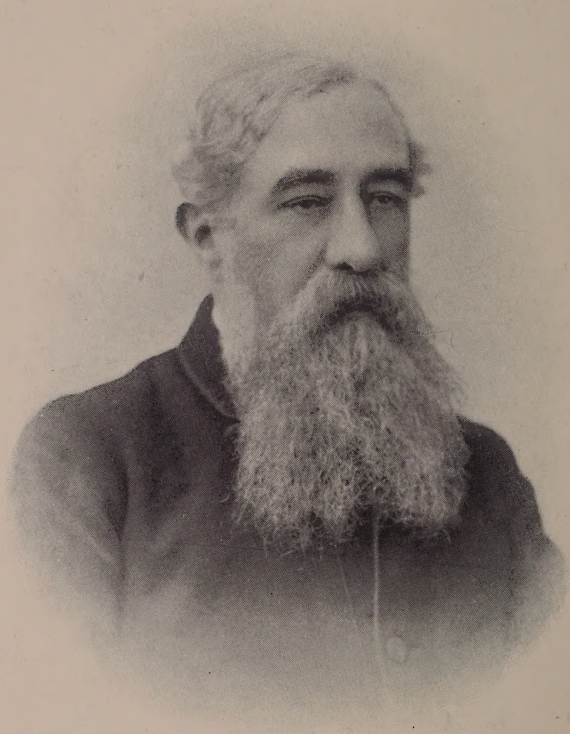
BY

EDMUND WIMPERIS

BY APPOINTMENT

WALKER'S GALLERIES
118, NEW BOND STREET
LONDON, W. 1

PRICE 2/6 NETT.



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THE GETTY CENTER
LIBRARY

Size $7\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$ ins.

A ROUGH SKETCH

Some Notes on the Life and Work of

E. M. Wimperis

as a Water-Colour Painter.

TO Mr. Walker's invitation to write some account of my father's work as a Water-Colour Painter, I gave a grateful if hesitating assent.

And in attempting with unpractised pen to redeem that promise, I realise that hesitation was justifiable.

I am nevertheless hopeful that, however much the achievement may fall short of the opportunity or the chronicle fail to do justice to its subject, there will be many among the ever-increasing numbers of those who admire the work of E. M. Wimperis who will be glad to have some more intimate knowledge of the man and his methods.

Born when De Wint was 51, David Cox 52, and John Sell Cotman 53, Wimperis found the traditions of the early school of British Water-Colour firmly established, accepted them, and carried them on till his death in the last

month of the century with which the school will always be associated.

It is noteworthy that the outstanding men of that school were all of humble origin, inheriting little more than an overwhelming love of natural beauty, an eye for colour, and the industry and tenacity of purpose necessary to achieve a high endeavour.

No more material legacy might countervail the lack of these endowments, nor poorer one avail to give the mastery in such a quest as theirs—this elusive, tender, pure, bewitching art of English Water-Colour.

"The Lyfe so short, the art so long to lerne,
"So sharp the stryfe, so hard the conqueringe."

From his English father and his Scottish mother Edmund Morison Wimperis inherited just these qualities and his blue-grey eyes — so grey by the end of the long winter's work in the London studio, so blue after five or six months' painting under the rolling skies of the English heavens.

In these brief notes, while much must be omitted, it is essential that we should trace the course of the endeavour if we are eventually to appreciate the achievement.

It is again noteworthy that so many of the early water-colour painters reached their goal

only after having diligently and for quite an appreciable part of their early life served other masters and worshipped other gods.

The desk of the draughtsman on wood, of the wood engraver and the book illustrator, did for Wimperis what scene-painting and the theatre did for Cox and Beverley, and the distinction between the methods with which they were associated in these younger days is clearly traceable in their earlier essays in the new medium.

Wimperis, then, drawing upon the wood, and engraving it, acquired a command over the clear delineation of minutiæ—the capacity to seize the essential and characteristic, to reject the secondary, to contrast light and shade.

To these capacities he afterwards added by dint of achievement that broader atmospheric handling which to Cox came naturally through his larger work for the stage.

When mastery comes all influences have disappeared, the final achievement is solitary, the nearest approach human life can make to the Absolute—the artistic Ideal—Individuality reigning supreme over its own Creation.

Edmund Morison Wimperis was born on February 6th, 1835, at Chester, where his father was cashier to Messrs. Walker Parker's lead works.

What was the earlier history of the family is unknown—nor could my father ever find any satisfactory clue as to the origin of the family name. There were connections in the Fen country. Was it a corruption of some Huguenot patronymic? Did the first settlers come over with the weavers from the Low Countries? The name certainly does not suggest an Anglo-Saxon origin, and the fact that beyond our own connections we have only met with it once in our generation adds likelihood to the theory of its having been borne in the first place by some lonely immigrant from over the narrow seas.

In his boyhood, E. M. Wimperis must have betrayed some of that artistic bent which we recognise to-day, for his father was wont to make him spend Saturday half-holidays in making pencil copies of various drawings. The artistic bent was, however, not yet a passion, and the discipline, though accepted, was not appreciated. It led, when school days were over, to London, and the training in the studio of Mason Jackson, the eminent wood engraver of his time, in that art which has since given way to the process block.

But the engraving itself was not to rivet his affections, which were straying into paths that would lead out on to the great high road of

Size 9¼ × 6¼ ins.

RINGWOOD BRIDGE

painting—and the next step was to become a draughtsman on wood, leaving the actual use of the graver to other hands.

Here he followed the course taken by many other men whose names live to-day as painters, among them Fred Walker, Birket Foster, Fildes, Linton. At the same time he took to book illustrating, and worked for the Illustrated London News, the first drawings made for that paper being of Penrhyn Castle and neighbourhood in illustration of Queen Victoria's visit, in 1859, to North Wales.

A notable book or two of the time include his drawings, among them S. C. Hall's "Book of the Thames," and the first illustrated edition of the works of Charlotte Brontë, a connection of his own by his marriage, in 1863, with Anne Harry Edmonds, second daughter of Mr. Walter Edmonds, of Penzance.

There was a drift all the while towards Water-Colour Painting, and when engraving fell upon bad days and the break with old courses was seen to be inevitable, it was as a painter in water-colour that Wimperis began his real life work.

It was in 1865 that he first showed a drawing at a public exhibition. His last work exhibited was an oil picture hung in the New Gallery Exhibition in the Winter of 1900.

His water-colour work divides itself, naturally, into three phases—the first, beginning with 1865, ends about 1870, and examples are very rare. These drawings are generally quite small, and exceedingly highly finished with a good deal of stippling. There is a great similarity to the style of Birket Foster, nor is the colour unlike, but there is, nevertheless, a quality which differentiates them clearly from the work of the older man. The drawing is by a hand that has only just put down the graver and the box-wood block; its detail, stippled with utmost patience, suggests the use of the engraver's magnifying glass. Such drawings are very rare, and unless signed would not be recognised as his by those who are familiar only with his later works.

The work of the second phase, beginning about 1870, has, in earlier examples, more of the tentative character. The line and stipple disappear, the old familiar methods of the book illustrator are laid aside. This is a new venture and it is felt that it must depend upon its own resources. Drawing, which has been the all in all, has to yield pride of place to the advancing claims of colour.

The brush begins to come into its own, but it is not just yet very confidently handled. Drawing with the brush itself, which, in the

Size 21¼ × 14½ ins.

full tide of mastery was so essentially characteristic of his work, has not yet become a confident habit.

The colour, too, lacks assurance—is thin, and has a trick of being a little muddy where low tone is wanted. It is not yet laid in with a full brush, and consequently is without the bloom that one thinks of naturally in recalling "a characteristic Wimperis" of the later times.

But it is noticeably advancing in power all the time—everything is attempted—there is no acceptance of half statements as satisfactory. A fuller expression of the essence of the matter is what he is obviously bent upon, and so these records increase in value day by day. They are all sound and true. There is nothing slipshod about them, and no fatal facility is accepted as a boon where he feels that experiment will find an upward, though possibly difficult, path.

Two qualities are to be observed all through the work of this transitional period, which are to be characteristic also of the work done in flush of full power. They are reticence and breadth. These are admittedly attributes of most fine work, but they are not necessarily inherent in the record of every master of the art. They are perhaps indispensable to work

that is to endure beyond the cycle of the temporary, and to win—that greatest guerdon of all—final acceptance by the verdict of posterity.

The third phase, beginning in the early eighties, reaches it climacteric about 1894, maintains itself thereafter with unceasing industry and displaying to the full his grasp of this great medium with unsurpassed breadth, depth, crispness and purity of colour, atmospheric qualities and power to record alike the sweep of great skies or the tender tone of "evening's twilight hour."

During this happy period in his life's work, warmed by the generous appreciation of his brothers of the brush not less than stimulated by the attentions of the dealers and the admiration of the public, his industry and rapidity of work were, to use Whistler's favourite word, "amazing."

Examples of this phase form a wonderful record of the unspoilt pastoral scenery of England, Scotland, and Wales—in all its beauty from haymaking time to late autumn.

To-day thatched roofs are too often being replaced by corrugated iron, "the ploughman homeward wends his way," knowing that to-morrow the motor-tractor will take his place. It is the day of the "American Reaper and

Size 14 × 9⅝ ins.

A DORSET LANE

Binder," and the golden stubbles know no more the gleaming white and varied faded blues, madders and greys of the women gleaning after the harvesters.

In a little while, such is the implacable result of economic pressure, those very aspects of our countryside which were both inspiration and the breath of life to Cox, De Wint, and the early men of the British School of Water-Colour, will be no more—and landscape art, while it will gather fresh garlands, will be unable to challenge these records of the older time, and it may be doubted whether the loss of the old sentiment will be compensated for by its new discoveries.

The phase continued till, in the last half-year of his life, a few low-toned subjects seemed to point to a new departure or a further development; but the end was near, and his last exhibited work, an oil picture, was hung in the 1900 Winter Exhibition of the New Gallery, entitled—with what prophetic insight who shall say—"The Last Gleam."

This last sheaf of "the harvest of a quiet eye" his son was happily able to secure from the dealer who bought it, and a reproduction of the open-air sketch from which it was painted provides the concluding illustration to these notes.

The main object of Mr. Walker's Quarterlies is, however, neither biographical nor sentimental, but technical, and the methods by which the subject of these notes attained to his place in the estimation of lovers of this English Art must be of wider interest than any personalia connected with his life.

Those who admire his work are of course acquainted with its general characteristics and his accustomed choice of subjects. English, Scottish or Welsh landscape in its more familiar aspects, illuminated by the representation of the homely industries of the countryside, was his favourite theme.

The haymaker, the harvester, the rush-gatherer, the shepherd, the woodman — each finds his place in the simple and sincere records which flowed with such apparent ease and in such industrious sequence from his brush.

They yielded their tribute unconsciously to the pocket sketchbook, without which he never went out when in the country.

Therein in his own inimitable shorthand he jotted down unceasingly records of all sorts— groups of figures — cattle — ford and ferry — church and farm — the broken lines of rutty roads, the sky in all its manifestations, the serenity of dewy eve, or—"Pelion upon Ossa piled"—in majesty of giant thunder-forms.

The notes made, standing up, in pencil—or in colour—and in the latter case the drawing all being with the brush, the leaves of these little sketch books are often gems, are crisp in definition and rich in colour, to which no enlargement could add greater charm.

They were the *memoria technica* of an eye which was peculiarly adapted to retain such impressions, and of a mind which, given some small suggestion such as these books afforded, was ever ready to recall the wider spaces and the ampler theme, and to reconstruct from any slight hint of reality the poetry of a bygone scene.

For many years it was his custom to use for these notes the excellent sketch books made by Messrs. Roberson & Co., of Long Acre, which provide a block of Whatman drawing paper and a small colour box for moist colours with a palette attached, which slides into the book under the block. They are of various sizes, but his most constant companion was one which would go into his coat pocket and gave a field of about 6 ins. by $3\frac{1}{2}$ ins.

I have seen many of these little notes expanded into water-colour drawings many times the size of the original, practically without deviation from the first arrangement, so perfectly disposed were the lines and the

balance which characterised his most spontaneous and slightest work.

But, of course, his usual method of out-door sketching was like that of most other painters, with the usual accompaniment of easel, umbrella and sketching seat.

His paper was carried in the pocket of a folio which also had a metal-hinged frame for holding it in position while sketching.

These folios he used in several sizes, and I do not think he ever worked out of doors in any other way. He disliked working on paper that had been strained, holding that the straining robbed the paper of much of the quality and surface which contributed to the bloom of colour, after which his soul lusted.

The drawing paper he preferred was one which he believed to have plenty of rags in it, and he liked it thick, and neither too rough nor too fine in surface.

"Whatman Not," "Unbleached Arnold," and "Binfield," were his favourites, and he laid in stocks of paper as another man might lay down dozens of port, and, no doubt, he "savoured" his paper when he began a new drawing much as a connoisseur would the first glass of a rare vintage.

A close examination of many drawings on different qualities of paper convinces me that

Size 10¾ × 8¾ ins. IN BETCHWORTH PARK

in many cases the final quality of the drawing was determined by the manner in which the first washes were received by the virgin surface.

From paper we come to brushes. The favourites were sables—square-headed in metal ferrules—and it is surprising for what length of life and service a good brush will endure without apparent depreciation. I know of several which he used before 1900 which have been in frequent use in the interval and would probably not be rejected by the master-hand to-day.

Some notes upon the Palette usually employed by E. M. Wimperis :—Moist colours in tubes, palette set each day before starting work. His maxim was : "Never paint with a starved palette."

Colours : Indigo, Cobalt, Yellow Ochre, Light Red, Burnt Sienna, Gamboge, Raw Umber, Golden Ochre, Vandyke Brown, Sepia, Roman Ochre, Brown Madder, Rose Madder, and occasionally Payne's Grey—Prussian Blue, Brown-Pink, Vermilion, and Charcoal Grey. This last was a very late addition for breaking and saddening other colour.

After this short note of his personal methods let us move on to some of his favourite sketching grounds.

We shall find him in the late seventies and the early eighties working beside his close friend, Tom Collier, and full of admiration for his acquirements, his crisp and beautiful colour. They worked much together in those days—East and West—Southwold, Lowestoft and thereabouts—the districts have changed a good deal now—Capel Curig and the other sanctuaries of North Wales, including, I remember, Criccieth, which, in those days, was innocent of any wizardry but that which painters acknowledge.

There is no doubt that there was the keenest sympathy between the two men in their whole-hearted worship of the natural beauties of their own country and its characteristic climatic conditions.

The same subjects appealed to them, and the same weather suited them. Neither could endure for long, without some mild form of malediction, the uninterrupted reign of unveiled sunshine.

I do not know if Collier ever crossed the Channel; I know my father only did so once to go to St. Malo, and he came back more than ever convinced that the charms of his own land were sufficient for his eye.

In the early nineties he was painting on the Ouse between Huntingdon and St. Ives, this

Size 19¼ × 12¼ ins.

time his companion being Keeley Halswelle. Halswelle discovered the Hemingfords, and wrote to my father to come and share his find, and eventually that district provided my father with an unusually extensive range of subjects, peculiarly suited to his methods at that time, including many which he painted in oil, that medium having by that time taken its place permanently in his affection and practice, though I do not think it ever challenged the hold that his beloved water-colour had established in his affections.

A favourite haunt of both Collier and my father in the eighties was the Valley of the Arun. They stayed together at Amberley, Bury and Burpham. In this district they were not far from J. F. Grace, an enthusiast for "Sussex by the Sea." The trinity worked in Parham Park, and I remember the beauty of its glades and my father's enthusiasm for a new discovery. As I write, there hangs beside me a small water-colour by Tom Collier of some ancient oaks in that park, which I remember my father also drawing at the same time—nor would it be very easy for any one to discover any great difference between the sketches made by the two men—both were masterly little records, and their drawing and colour was always much alike.

It is not possible to reconstruct an itinerary of the various pilgrimages which year after year were made to familiar sanctuaries or in search of new shrines, but the exodus from the house of bondage (if not from the fleshpots of Egypt) always began with the first of the haymaking time—the artist's special form of hay-fever. Haymaking I saw in Cornwall last year in the middle of August, but both Cornwall and last year were possibly peculiar in that respect. In England it is among the first manifestations of early summer—and perhaps the imagination can suggest no more typically English scene than a hay-field, unless, indeed, it be its parallel—the harvest-field; the one typical of the blonde grace of summer and the other of the beauty of autumn, the brunette.

When this is over in, let us say, the Arun valley, its glory has for the time departed; the hay wains and their patient horses are withdrawn, the groups of figures with their sparkling whites, silvery greys and soft russets disappear, and the masque is over. Summer has other scenes to show—the stage is set further afield. The easel is strapped up and will be pitched in a few days somewhere on the outskirts of the New Forest, on the moors of Yorkshire, or beside a highland stream in spate.

It is no use giving the names of his happy

Size $24\frac{7}{8} \times 14\frac{3}{4}$ ins.

SILVER BIRCHES, NORTH WALES

(In the possession of V. Rienaecker, Esq.)

hunting grounds. His drawings have made their localities familiar to those who care to know such things. He never made any secret of his whereabouts when he was away painting, and he thoroughly enjoyed having the congenial society of his brother painters when he was "in camp."

Finally, to sum up the whole matter—what are the excellences which we look for in those whom we judge to be worthy of a place in the front rank among the masters of this art?

First, surely, that they must be sensitive to the emotion which is influenced through the eye —and then that they shall possess the power to express this emotion in such a way as to communicate it to us.

But this is not enough—mediocrity may do as much—the master must do more.

In addition to offering us of his own, he must be able to give us the key to those strange treasure-houses of our own souls, where lie things new and old, things forgotten and things unsuspected, till at the waving of his magic wand the scales drop from our eyes and we recognise that he is offering us that which is our own as well as his.

To do this, and to be all this implies, he must have vision — personal, sympathetic, creative, analytical, but essentially individual.

It must be a vision which will reveal to us familiar things transfigured.

We must have from the artist a translation of our prose into his own poetry, and, removing the scales which conceal so much from our grosser vision, he must show us the Transfiguration of the Familiar—must indeed lift the veil of the Tabernacle that we of the outer courts may see a gleam of the Shekinah.

But no man, be he prophet, priest, or king, can be always on the heights. He goes to them for his vision, and there we may not meddle with him. What we must require is that when he delivers his message he shall be earnest and, above all, sincere.

And we may measure the master, whose work we are considering, by these tests, and not find him wanting.

EDMUND WIMPERIS,
The Acre, Sonning.

List of Drawings Exhibited

New Water-Colour Society

(Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours)

SUMMER EXHIBITION

(Associate)

1873	33.	A Mountain Stream
	47.	A Welsh Moorland
	103.	A Cornfield, Capel Cury
	197.	In the Lledr Valley
1874	7.	The Ogwen Valley
	31.	A Moorland
	37.	Gunwalloe Cove
	45.	Carting Hay
	88.	The Way to Crafnant
	159.	The Stream from Idwal
1875	28.	A Breezy Day
	33.	Llanellfyd, North Wales
	37.	Peat Gathering
	87.	Llyn Idwal
	159.	Harlech Castle

(Member)

1876	40.	The Estuary, Barmouth
	50.	A Windy Corner
	103.	The Warren
1877	34.	On the Common
	57.	At Broxton, Cheshire
	65.	Summer Shadows

1878 53. A Norfolk Common
141. A Rough Pasture
165. A Creek, Suffolk
1879 18. A Rough Common
84. On the Moors, Evening
92. A Pool on the Lledr
108. Harlech Castle
141. On the Glaslyn
1880 6. Old Road to Gwynant
44. A Quiet Vale
52. A Rushy Common
57. Across the Marsh
145. Through the Park
1881 29. The Ford in Criccieth
41. The Estuary in Portmadoc
43. The Ferry Lelant
72. On the Shore
76. Shore at Exmouth
131. The Common
200. Across the Moor
1882 27. On the Shore
41. A Welsh Road
61. A Wooded Valley
153. In Wales
161. Showery Weather
1883. 391. A Scotch Moor
666. Carting Sand
782. Hay Making
1884 218. Llyn Pen Crag, North Wales
314x. Repose

Size 14 × 9½ ins.

"THE LAST GLEAM"

1900

555. A Welsh Torrent
921. A Breezy Common
1019. The Old Mill

1885 556. On the Marsh, Aldeburgh
696. Slaughden Pier
741. Near Thorpe, Suffolk
917. In Wensley Dale
1003. Across the Moors

1886 171. Wild Wales
229. Old Pier at Mudiford
383. Rough Road by the Sea
457. Sand Pit Common
611. In the Meadows in Arundel
995. The Marsh, Llanbedr
1053. On the Downs near Swanage

1887 174. Setley Heath
638. Change of the Weather

1888 169. Moor at Inveroykel
238. Haymakers Resting
574. Sandy Moor, near Brockenhurst
587. On the Arun
802. Low Tide
817. On the Alman River
840. Stepping Stones on Welsh Moor

1889 258. The Pond
315. The Ferry
333. The Marsh at Bairdsley
456. The Old Mill
560. On the Coast, Newquay, Cornwall
697. Cornfield at Slindon

1890 34. At Old Cavaugh
64. Gathering Bait
439. The Hayfield
594. The Winding River
662. Windy Day on the Marsh

1891 68. Hay Making
122. Reed Cutting
145. Carting Hay
184. Fir-Trees at Aldburgh
329. A Foot Bridge
577. A Common with Sheep

1892 87. Cloud Shadows
113. Foot Bridge on the Marsh
128. At Wareham, Dorset
327. Windmill with Sheep
416. On the Downs
461. Hemingford Abbot
575. The Old Mill
665. Near Beeston

1893 96. A Rough Heath
107. A Welsh Torrent
258. On the Downs
329. The Village on the Marsh
376. The Moorland Stream
382. Tossing the Hay
589. A Suffolk Estuary
627. A Trout Stream

WINTER EXHIBITION

Institute of Painters in Water-Colours

(*Associate*)

1873	31.	The Ogwen Valley
	74.	Twilight
	117.	On Moel Siabod
	238.	Mountain Mists
	243.	A Mountain Stream
	375.	The Winding River
1874	17.	Sands, Barmouth
	62.	Distant View, Flint Castle
	75.	Summer. Mochras
	87.	Trifaen, with Llyn Ogwen and Llyn Idwal
	163.	A Moorland
	195.	The Estuary, Barmouth
	199.	On the Peat Bog
	236.	On the Mawddach
1875	41.	On the Warren
	48.	On the Shore, Harlech
	49.	Leominster Church
	76.	Arundel Castle
	115.	The Dipping Place
	164.	A Rough Path
	235.	On the Moors
	249.	An Autumn Evening
	295.	Gathering Seaweed
	344.	A Country Church

1876 36. A Torrent
61. On the Norfolk Coast
1877 95. The Oat Field
125. On the Shore, Southwold
188. At Criccieth
191. Showery Weather
1878 7. Four Sketches—Southwold
17. A Rough Common
22. A Welsh Lane
38. View from Exmouth—
Walberswick Pier
100. Birch Trees on the Llugwy
113. Boats at Southwold
126. On the Colwyn
237. "The old rain-fretted mountains in their robes of shadow-broken grey"
257. Waste Land
324. A Passing Storm
1879 30. At Festiniog
45. Sunny Showers
75. A Mountain Road
92. On the Colwyn
95. A Path in the Wood
178. Beeston Castle (Charcoal)
337. A Weedy Corner
345. On the shore afar—

1880 97. Going Home—Packing Fish, Mount's Bay

120. On the Sands

150. The Weald of Surrey. Study in "Charcoal Grey"

159. Valley of the Mawddach. Study in "Charcoal Grey"

200. Carting Rushes

232. A Welsh Stream

233. Sheep at the Gate

1881 6. A Quiet Evening

39. Sycamores, Bettws-y-Coed

53. Low Tide

136. Repose. Charcoal

137. Mountain Stream. (Charcoal)

191. In the Meadows

197. Pilchard Boats

211. In the Birch Woods

223. A Mountain Path

Royal Academy

1868 772. Evening

From

Graves's "Century of Loan Exhibitions," Vol. IV.

Liverpool

1886 963. A Cloudy Day (Drawing) 1876 Gilbert W. Moss

Whitechapel (St. Jude's)

1887	168. The Mill Stream	F. Spielman
	172. River Scene	,,
	178. Lake Scene	,,
	201. The Common	,,

Earl's Court

1897	547. A Sussex Lane	Charles Washborough

From

Graves's "Dictionary"

WIMPERIS, EDMUND MORISON, R.I.

(Soc. British Artists) (Oil Institute), London.
First and last year of Exhibition, 1859-1893

Landscape

R.A.	Suffolk Street	R.I.	Grosvenor Gallery	New Gallery	Various	Total
1	49	172	4	7	54	287

Atkinson Art Gallery, Southport

"Mists lifting off Dartmoor." 6′ × 4′ Signed and dated, "E. M. Wimperis—'96."

Birmingham Art Gallery

"Snowdon" Oil, on canvas, 1′ 11½″ × 2′ 11½″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—'74."

Presented by Mr. William M. Scott, 1913

"Across the Common." Water-Colour drawing, 1′ 3″ × 2′ 1″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—'78."

Bequeathed by Mr. J. Tertius Collins, 1913

"Vale in Cheshire." Water-Colour drawing, 1′ 2⅞″ × 2′ 1⅜″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—'80."

Bequeathed by Mr. J. Palmer Phillips, 1913

"Welsh Moorland." Water-Colour drawing, 1′ 3″ × 2′ 1⅛″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—'78."

Bequeathed by Mr. J. Palmer Phillips, 1913

"Landscape with Sheep." Water-Colour drawing, 9½″ × 1′ 1⅝″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—'77."

Bequeathed by Mr. J. Palmer Phillips, 1913

"River Scene: Cattle Drinking." Water-Colour drawing, 9¾″ × 1′ 1⅞″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—'77."

Bequeathed by Mr. J. Palmer Phillips, 1913

City Art Gallery, Manchester

"The Ferry." 24″ × 36″. Signed and dated, "E. M. W.—1894."

"Watering Horses." 24¾″ × 42″. Signed and dated, "E. M. Wimperis—1893."

WALKER'S QUARTERLY

Copies of previous issues can still be obtained on application to WALKER'S GALLERIES, 118, New Bond Street, London, W. 1.

No. I.

"HENRY BRIGHT OF THE NORWICH SCHOOL"

By F. GORDON ROE

"A capable and interesting biography of this able painter . . . The writer has incorporated in it all the recollections of the artist's grandson, Mr. J. H. C. Millar, which include a good deal of information not previously committed to print, and also the reminiscences of the artist's other surviving relatives."

THE CONNOISSEUR.

No. II.

"WILLIAM ROXBY BEVERLEY"

Artist and Scene Painter

By FRANK L. EMANUEL

"Mr. F. L. Emanuel, enthusiastic, experienced, and uncommonly well-informed, contributes an admirable biographical and critical essay on this artist who, famous as a scenic artist for his achievements at Drury Lane (1854-1884), was also a most accomplished and personal painter in water-colours. Excellent reproductions of his drawings in colour and in half-tone prove that Beverley had not only the fine instinct for design which made him illustrious as a scene-painter, but was also a draughtsman of rare delicacy with a charming sense of colour."—THE SUNDAY TIMES.

No. III.

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